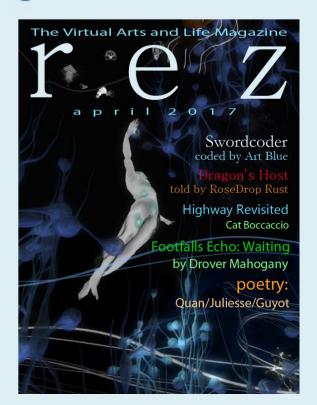


# CONTENTS

#### read rez Magazine online at http://rezmagazine.com

- Swordcoder Art Blue teaches us "the top of the top" in coding: Swordcoder. If I told you more, I would need to derender you.
- **Highway Revisited** In *Highway Revisited*, Cat Boccaccio captures a fleeting moment, with some vivid musical imagery.
- **Dragon's Host** We are proud to bring you RoseDrop Rust's epic poem, *Dragon's Host*, based on Joss Whedon's drama, *Firefly*.
- America First Once again, Jullianna Juliesse pulls no punches, sounding a political alarm in America First.
- Footfalls Echo: Waiting In the sixth installment of his magnificent piece, Footfalls Echo, Drover Mahogany shares his thoughts about love on one of his introspective walks.
- Flowers Zymony Guyot returns to our pages again with his musings about the inspiration of flowers.
- **The Beast** JadeSecret Quan descends into the belly of the beast and describes the rawness of its longings.

About the Cover: This month's cover of *rez* captures the essence of coding, where synapses and silicon meet in a fantastical union of sight, sound, time and imagination. If you guessed that Art Blue must be behind it, you guessed right.





# riday

Tonight's Theme:

with
DJ Gray
and Jami



ight

Howelsen 75, 234, 1545

9-11 SLT







AFTER DARK

--- L O U N G E ----







Each month this year we are including one of the months from Molly Bloom's 2017 calendar, which was produced by Art Blue, with the help of Jami Mills. Art has sent copies of this wonderful example of immersive art to many well-respected museums around the world in his single-handed effort to

## Molly Bloom 2017 The Queen is Not Amused



art direction/photography: jami mills production: art blue r - e - z -



preserve the finest examples of early immersive art, before they are lost forever.

"There's nothing to fear here. Ignore the gigantic spider. Nothing a can of Raid can't take care of. Once again, Molly Bloom makes us consider something we weren't expecting: an enormous hairy spider leaping out at us. Vintage Bloom." Jami Mills

## April

### itsy bitsy spider

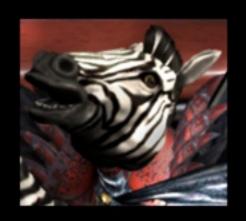


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30						

#### Read at:



201704. immersivia.con







"In old times you downloaded yourself to virtual worlds; now you download them to you." Ray Blue, Historian

Timecode: 00:01

Swordcoder: connected.

Timecode: 00:14

Swordcoder: activated.

#### **Prolog**

"Prolog is an AI weapon. You tell it what to do, which it does, but then it also builds some terminators to go back in time and kill your mom."

Bjorn Tipling, Software Engineer at Imgur https://twitter.com/bjorntipling

That's where Swordcoder steps in.

You don't understand a word? As usual, you say? Stories written by Art Blue or some of his creations like the Third Pilot are just not made for Earth! But this time you will understand it from the first moment you see her. Not again, you say; the Perfect 10 is back? Cyberphoria, who is created in your brain the moment you meet her, the way you want to see her? No woman, this time I say, to bail me out. Let me create for you a Metaharpers warrior, a man carrying a lute, which is a deadly weapon by making music that kills an

enemy; but the lute heals if the player is on your team. A LOL - or an Overwatch - player would understand this immediately, but you might not be one. I said you and everyone else shall understand from the first minute. Sadly, you need the internet for this, and I need your undivided attention. It is a must. If you can't give it to me, trash this text and cry. I am so sorry for you. More I can't do. I can just create a



label and name it "I Am Truly Sorry."

Metaharpers Arrehn (aka Arrehn Oberlander): When I was contemplating creating an avatar to explore SL, I asked a friend, "So, could I make something like a masterwork lute with fiber optic wires on it that had little motes of light swirling around, could radiate out waves and energy?"

To my astonishment the answer was, "Yes, if you wanted to commit some time to creating the art and

scripted logic." Label: "I Am Truly Sorry."

So let's hope you found the internet and you have sound. If you don't have good sound then go back to the label, "I Am Truly Sorry."

You are alone? Then welcome. If you are not alone, you know what comes:

go back to the label "I Am Truly Sorry" and cry

Ready Coder for the first lesson in Swordcoder? You shall feel that you are right here. That's why you shall now read the motto of Swordcoder aloud: "If programming languages were weapons, Swordcoder would be the ultimate one."

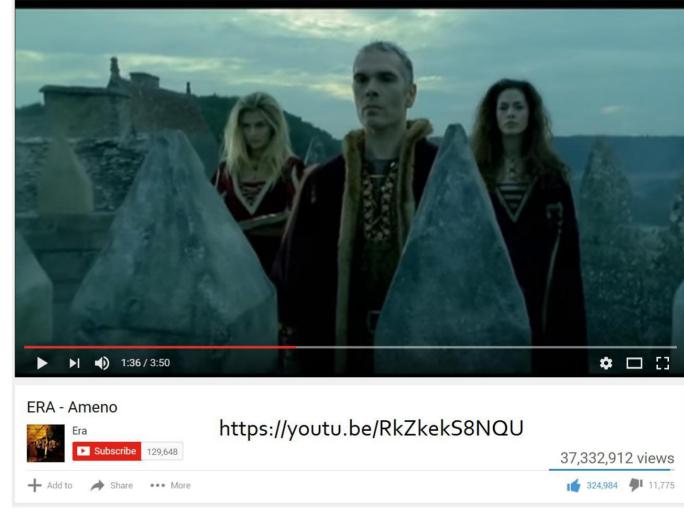
You have internet on and you are an attentive reader. You kicked

everyone out of reach. Just you and me and the internet — and sound — loud! Ready Coder One.

Having read the story Plan 9 in Meta Harpers in one of the last issues of rez Magazine, you may know already ERA Ameno, a song the owl used to cool down an old Atto 9000. We need the ERA video now for an understanding

of Swordcoder and having sound loud will be supportive. It is a must now to watch on the internet this source https://youtu.be/RkZkekS8NQU - sound loud, as I said.

Let's meet again in four minutes after you've watched the video. Then the first lesson in Swordcoder will take place.



\* \* \*

Have you seen it? If not - - - you know the label!

The first step is to choose a character from the video. Don't choose the one I am there - - - and don't choose the owl. The rest is free to go. Press the button. There is only one called "Enter."

HELLO WORLD shall appear. Yeah, you made it!

No? You are not smart enough? Don't think so. You are lacking in creativity? Don't think so. You can't find the "Enter" button? That happens. Ask Cortana. You don't know how to find her? In search? No hit? You get a 404 exemption by Google?



Darn. Then it gets complicated. You might not have Windows. I'll help you. I told you this article works for everyone with internet. Close your eyes and just assume you pressed Enter and you got "HELLO WORLD." No need this time to go back to the label, "I Am Truly Sorry." Just go on ...

As a regular reader of *rez Magazine*, I have hopes that you have now "HELLO WORLD" rezzed in your

brain. Now you need an editor; any editor is fine. There you enter "HELLO SWORD" and you store it under any name. Swordcoder will find the note and next time you'll get a nice "HELLO SWORD." That's all you need for Swordcoder. Really, that's all. If you want to kill an enemy - - - let's say, Rocket Greenfoot born in 1989, in, let's say, 10 minutes, you add "KILL

ENEMY ROCKET G89 in 10" and this Green Rocket guv will be killed in ways you like, so just add "LET HIM SUFFER" or "MAKE IT FAST." Later you can resurrect him as you wish; just type the idea you have in mind "RESURRECT BY HOLY GARL" or "... BY THE HOLY FETHER." Just be

creative. Typos don't mind in Swordcoder. It works auto corrective.

You say all this typing is like Stone Age coding. Come on, that's the first lesson. I am Art Blue. You know I trick you for your own benefit. You don't type - - - you just think you type. Swordcoder comes with an EPOC 4.0 compatible headset and reads your commands. Just for the TOS you need the note card "HELLO SWORD" so the system has proof of your identity

by the stored data UUID. Each note, each entry on your PC, has a time stamp we like to call an ID, an Ident Datafield - - - unique for the user. Easy to catch UUID this way.

Too fast?

Maybe it was a little fast. All ground breaking ideas are simple and fast. Swordcoder is the top of the top in coding. In Cube technologies. Mind in a Cube the name of the Company now topping even Tyrell Industries. You may have heard that Tyrell and Weyland are planning to unite as Mind in a Cube blows up Wall Street by now. Sorry for letting my mind wander.

I shall explain what happened as you are now already a certified Swordcoder.

You have to think "HELLO WORLD" so the system gets - - - let's call it - - - a reference, to calculate the base amplitudes. Then you type in the editor "HELLO SWORD." Swordcoder reads your brainwaves, the change of your thoughts to HELLO SWORD, then scans in your PC on recent items, finds HELLO SWORD in text, sends it to Mind in a Cube HQ, handshakes with your credit card and you are certified.

All legal stuff is done! You can't believe? That's all. Your thoughts matched your text. You can type

"HELLO SHIT" and Swordcoder works - - - because when you type, you think what you type.

Just don't type "I DON'T ACCEPT THE TOS" or "DON'T USE MY CREDIT CARD" or "I AM A RESIDENT OF THE KINGDOM OF TONGA" or such bullshit into the note. With the King of Tonga I will have a meeting next week, so soon you may use Swordcoder even in tax haven states, but not now!

So now you are IN.

You are in the world that you have selected. You don't get it? Believe me: You made it - - - just right now you did! Or have you not watched ERA Ameno? Not played the sound loud? Not have been alone? Not done what the pop-up Window said? Then go back to label: "I Am Truly Sorry."

I go on. You have internet and you watched the four minutes of ERA Ameno and the video is fresh in your head. The rest Swordcoder does after you press the button "Enter" and you think "Go." It creates reality out of everything you select. Instantly. I hope ERA was a good choice. Medieval worlds are listed as number one, so I took you there.

I said, this time everyone will understand in your time, in early rez

times. Not so easy as we speak of the future in coding. There was a short time gap in December 2016 to get an idea of coding by the mind. A chance of a lifetime. Art Blue, the one you know acting in your time I use by mind control to publish all this, had a LEA grant and arranged a demonstration to move the Surreal Cube by the mind. The EPOC headset was on an end of year sales promotion. But Jami Mills, the editor, took a trip to Asia and made a Holiday issue Nov/Dec in one. This way there was no December issue.

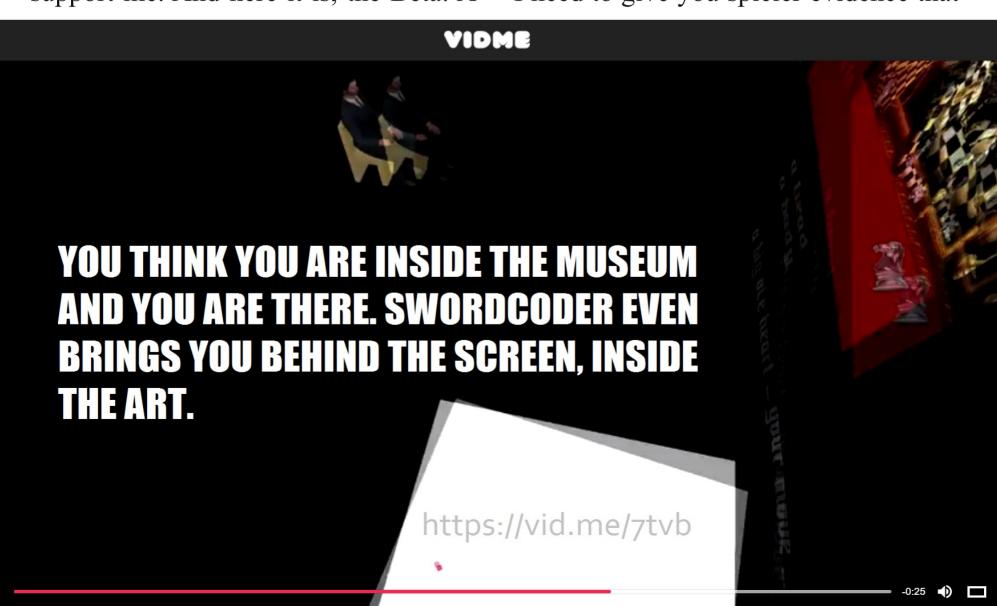
Now I have to work out to show Swordcoder without having a headset for you, without having rights on the ERA Ameno video to make the characters work in you. Luckily, the greatest digital artists of all time support me. And here it is, the Beta: A

flight through the Molly Bloom Museum where you are the one on the chair sitting. A Prim chair shall do it as we speak of the mind. Imagine you sit on a nice one made by Charles and Ray Eames.

You watched the video and you felt lost? This shall be the proof that you see yourself in a third person view and that you immerse in a world inside the art of Molly Bloom? That's the problem of giving proof at all. Had I shown you this video 15 years ago, you would have said, "How crazy this guy on the chair shall be me in the future and I will feel like being him?" Now this is cold coffee for you.

**Timecode: 08:42** 

I need to give you spicier evidence that



the power of your mind reaches beyond your body in physical ways so your thoughts can create generate keyboard and mouse clicks, or move objects. It must be something verify right now you can something that you never have seen before on top. If you are a Believer, you would have no doubt when I point to the Miracle of the Host in Amsterdam in the year 1345, where gravity and distance have been miracle overcome until the was recognized by the City Council and the Bishop. You find a detailed description in German, Dutch and Italian on the internet. A side link is in Wikipedia noted as Stille Omgang (Silent walk), where each year a procession happens as a memory on this historic fact that the Host reappeared at its old place in a box after bringing it to the chapel. It resisted also the great fire in the year 1452. I say fact to it - you say bullshit? I don't argue, as I have something instead for the Non-Believers. Let's move a cube by your mind. Takes you 30 seconds to see the product on YouTube, called Mind Cube Game,

2 players

WindCube Game - Move a cube with your mind!

developed by a company in Athens, Greece.

https://youtu.be/ gNOLBSXRok

If you have 10 minutes, you may watch an interview at the Greek TV station that follows the AD. There you see, even if you may not understand the language, that it is really working. Make sure you stop at time stamp at 8:00 where the moderator takes proof that gravity was overcome.

#### Evangelista

I feel with you. The code fever is rising in you. Of course you want to be more than a certified user. You understand the trick: You as a prof know all users want to be called coder. So there is no Sworduser. The thrill starts for you if you decide upon the path; the path for becoming a True Swordcoder up to the highest Evangelist a-level, Evangelista. I tell you the secret that will from now on define your world. Why you will take the effort and not stop until you make it - - - to enter the world as a Swordcoder Evangelista. Your world of codes will only know one language: Swordcoder. You will code in pure Light. No wordplay, no mind games. Not being tricked when you enter LightCoder.com getting a freaky page where you can code in dozens of languages all with no sense at all for life!

Swordcoder is the code the City of Light is coded in. Now you gasp.

"There is a place for all of us. When I first landed on the earth, I met a woman who spoke of a place beyond the Dead Zone, a place where everyone is accepted - - - a City of Light."

I know you will make it. You got

the thrill. I am sure you do now

— Thelonious Jaha

#### **Timestamp: 12:37**

what the little pop up window said in the last two minutes passing, called "Health Advice." All packages carry it nowadays; every user laughs about it, but everyone does or else insurance will not cover anything. You took a sip of plain water, cold or with some ice cubes in it, and you checked the temperature finally with your finger? Of course you did. Then Swordcoder got it all: your eye movements by reading, your settings by ERA Ameno, your voice by reading the motto "If programming languages were weapons, Swordcoder would be the ultimate one" aloud and the piezoelectric response of your skin

We made it. You are now using the headset for more than 10 minutes. By

by putting the finger in water.

now the nano filaments from the headset should have made it to your brain. Mind in a Cube is installed. Your personality capture is complete. GNUPF levels extracted. You may now watch for a change, your first trip solely made for you as readers of *rez*. Happy New Year 2057. Mind in a Box – *Change*.



https://youtu.be/FRcXVZFISWY

Swordcoder: code is your weapon, sword your defense. You act autonomously in the world you selected. You are the character you choose. Now choose.

---- END

Credits: Bjorn Tipling http://bjorn.tipling.com/if-programming-languages-were-weapons

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# TERPSICORPS fire TWERKS





## photography jamimills

# Highway Revisited Cat Boccaccio



ach was hurt, both literally and figuratively. He was scratched and scraped all along his right side, and must have come in contact with something sharp, as there was blood seeping from a long slash on his forearm. His cheekbone felt tender, and when he gingerly touched it with his hand, he saw blood on his fingers.

His motorcycle, an old Bonneville that seemed indestructible, lay unscathed on a cushiony bed of dry leaves and pine needles, in the ditch. But his mandolin, the beautiful mandolin his father had given him, had suffered a blow. It was in his backpack, and he was afraid it had cracked when Zach skidded across the road. It would do no good to look now. He would check it out when he got home. How to get home? That was the challenge.

Zach needed another body to help him retrieve the bike. He needed to have the blood dabbed from his face and arm, and wherever else he might be bleeding.

So when a yellow taxi pulled up, just as Zach was gathering his thoughts together, he said a silent prayer of thanks.

But it was an older guy who emerged from the driver's side, and after he assessed the situation he apologized and said he had a bad back, but would take Zach to the nearest telephone (since they were out of cellphone range) or gas station, whichever he preferred. Zach said, patting his cheek with a handkerchief, "I only have fifteen dollars, man, sorry."

The driver waved a hand and said, "Don't worry about it."

The driver put Zach's backpack into the trunk of the cab and took out an orange traffic cone to mark the spot.

Once inside the car, in the front seat next to the driver, Zach apologized again. "Sorry, I'm bleeding on your upholstery."

"It is faux leather," said the driver. "I've wiped up worse than blood, and it's still like new."

Zach wondered what would be worse than blood.

The driver turn-signaled to no one and pulled back out onto the highway. It was that magic moment just before twilight, when colour and light soften. The pine and cedar treetops blurred into a deepening sky.

Zach had moved a fabric beer cooler, not empty, from the seat onto the floor at his feet. The driver seemed sober enough. It was unlikely he would risk his livelihood with a DWI. Wasn't it?

"Are you ok?" the driver asked. "Do you need immediate medical help? I should have asked before. I have a kit."

"Just cuts and scratches," Zach said. "Though I think I damaged my mandolin."

"Your mandolin?"

"Yeah, my Martin A-K. My dad gave it to me. It's mahogany and old. I'm afraid I might have broken it."

"Oh dear," said the driver. "If it's of any assistance to you, I have a friend who makes and repairs violins; I'm sure he would have a look at it."

"Um, sure," said Zach without conviction. Then, as they drove up a slight incline, he spotted a deer on the road. "Look out ahead!"

"Oh, I see her," said the driver. He slowed and pulled to the side of the road. "If you don't mind, just a quick stop."

Before Zach could answer, the driver reached down and took the beer cooler. He unzipped it to reveal a cache of carrots, apples, and cherry tomatoes. He took a generous handful and exited the car.

The deer, a golden tawny colour, had moved from the center of the road to the shoulder, and was walking towards the driver. The sun was low in the sky behind them, and Zach could now only see their silhouettes, as the man held out his hand, and the doe accepted his offerings, and then bowed her head and

took the shoulder of his flannel shirt between her teeth and gave it a playful tug. He then stroked her neck, and she nuzzled his cheek.

Then the deer bounded into the forest, leaping over the ditch and disappearing among the trees.

The driver returned, got in, fastened his seatbelt.

"Wow," said Zach. "I think I'd like to get to know you better."

"Thanks, son. The name's Bernard." He turned and held out his hand, and Zach took the offering.

They continued along the highway in the dusk, chatting casually like old pals, about their fathers, the women they loved, about deer and foxes, and who they picked for the World Series wild card, and when they reached the Texaco station, Zach handed Bernard his backpack with the mandolin in it, and said, "Maybe your friend could help me?" and Bernard took it and put it back into the trunk. He gave Zach thirty-five dollars in cash, to tide him over.

"I'll let you know about the mandolin," said Bernard. And they shook hands again. Then Bernard drove away. He flashed the lights to say goodbye, and Zach waved.

$$\cdot$$
r— $e$ — $z$ 

## Dragon's Host RoseDrop Rust

Fan Fiction based on Josh Whedon's sci-fi series FireFly Roleplay of Companions character – and a barroom singe from a backwater colony featured in one of the episodes.





image by TrevorGrove

So far he's found a piano bar but he needs a place to sleep, with good whiskey and a guitar. he has his secrets to keep.

From a backward colony, prosecuting persecution, ruling by cruel theocracy, women of psychic vision.

His mother saw her fate, and engineered his escape, at hands of heads of state, under cover of brutal rape.

He wanders on it seems, Singing past his sorrows, troubled by his dreams, hoping of better tomorrows. He suffers a life outcast, travails of wand'ring alone, more distance from the past, and his escape from home,

He tries to feel less lost. In a backwater port of call playing music for strangers, sleeping fitfully in the hall

Nightmare meets alien life form, twenty parsecs from nowhere, cells invaded and transform, two creatures, one body share.

Heartbeat stirred by desire, an alien mythology will try, the closer to sensual fire. to let terrible dragon form fly. When he woke, he had a glow, like post movie, novel, or sex. dreamlike flashes from eyes human brains cannot interpret.

Pounding pressure on ears coursing, like rushing wind, taking a long time to fade. a sense of pounding wing.

He had been "away" for weeks, the time between was lost, chaotic savage memory leaks his room tornado tossed,

He was not the least bit hungry, Having fed for life on death, for smiling, he wasn't even angry but then, there's the dragon breath.

Walking with a companion, in an random unfamiliar ship, her perfume alerted his "traveler" walking distractedly, he slipped

He fell head long into the edge with enough force to knock him out, a low passage entryway ledge barely conscious and laid out.

She cried, "What's your name?" The creature inside growled something undecipherable, in a voice that scowled.

"Call me 'Lizard Licker of Blue Moons, Pearl Polisher, Eater of Orchid Worlds'." He had quite a nasty bump, moving light around him whirls. Playing from planet to planet, in a quest to satisfy dreams, he surfaces from thin air, and disappears again, it seems.

Pitching round peg into square hole, it is a logical impossibility, but since alien transformation, he has a talent for invisibility.

He thinks that he needs to go, he doesn't quite understand, one instant he is in full view, then in alien no man's land.

Dragons are overpowering beings, only seen when they want to be, he is nowhere when he is gone, but is back where he wants to be.

Trying to suppress his symbiote, and overcome its appearance, he had attempted various ways, to create some kind of interference.

These attempts were met, with a cruel alien ferocity. It seems it had experienced, another host's non-complicity.

It pounded on his wailing walls, and shattered all cohesiveness. It melted holes in barred doors, rendering best defenses useless.

So broken then he had become, that he just crumbled into dust, awake from deathly dark dreams, under mounds of dragon's rust. Yes, there are some benefits, of having a dragon inside one, stamina beyond usual measure, and constitution that bars none.

A prescient predictor of dangers, and an uncanny sense of place, and when sometimes called for, a form that can breathe in space.

As over time one makes peace, with an inner state of dichotomy, that not many schizophrenics would come to find all that unlikely.

This way he finally embraces, a fully integrated identity, he is finally able to attain in effect, a bifurcated serenity.

Dialog between minds occurred, schizophrenic separation blurred, whispered consciousness heard communication is less obscured.

Surprising synchronized thoughts, seeming coincidental at times, more often intimate moments, cross over more similar lines.

The alien dragon stirring within, brought more personality out, How autonomous he felt himself, becomes more seriously in doubt.

New understanding is forged, a multiple in the discussion, and decisions are often made, in resulting convenient dissociation. Odd alien images in his head, had finally piqued his curiosity, concentrating his attention, causing him to look more closely.

And as more patterns emerged, from repeating wild obscurities, he began to draw associations, and smiled at small discoveries.

It wasn't really a sound but a symbol cloaked in color a consistent reaction perceived as perhaps wealth or pleasure

One person seen at the station, was a kind of Rosetta Stone, engendering new illumination, in his understanding of dragon.

Those bright repeating lines, Insistent in his senses, proposing the dimensions, one could call dragon calculus

Squarer sphere, more round, more indices than three, An inside outside space, like another place to be.

For one thing, he noticed, that he was not always, though not close or far alone in this fourth place

When and where she passed, dawning realization keenly, the alien symbiote within him was not the station's only. For particular creatures, of multiple dimensions, there are distinctly different, sets of cognitive conventions.

He wondered how it was, he is privy to information, that is usually hidden, from most on the station.

It may be he has a quality, inherited from his mother, that gives him the ability, to sense presence of the "other".

What he has noticed lately, is that something is going on. A disturbance in dragon society, a rift, and some are just gone.

In a dream recurring, at the edge of the world, sky, space, and sea roil, in clouds and mist swirled.

Leaning forth he tumbles, and in a rush of wind, the clutch of gravity's grip, his humanity is skinned.

Eyes adjust to pressure, a change in orientation, perspective turning over, frees elation sensation.

Flapping sounds they ring, a sulfur melody singing, he has taken to wing, He is not falling but flying. The perceptive musician Noticed a certain agitation. that in imperturbable beings. is extreme consternation.

between dragon and human, is somewhere or something a common crossroad between not quite matter or meaning.

What many would deny, others might call magic, for its disappearance, in existence is dramatic,

Extra-dimensional beings, pay little or no attention, to most of our reality, except in this intersection.



The few times human activity, have effect on dragon society, that might warrant a lizard's eye, is making something shiny.

Central communication planet, for useful scale construction, let off enough sparkling lights. gets trans-dimensional attention.

There's a thing that dragons do, when trying to contain treasure, they will fold their coils around, and just let sleep take over.

The Station comms are down, and has become a major concern, those who inhabit human hosts, know something must be done.

The problems with the station interplanetary communication, had gotten undesired attention, and worried the young musician.

Alliance suspicions leaned toward the browncoat colonies, blaming rebels in auto-response, always suspecting conspiracies.

With dragon insight inside, he wondered what he should do. a problem inter-dimensional, in a culture he hardly knew.

He needed a plan to cause, a lizard sense of urgency, so that all the humans affected, could get help from dragon society. He took concerns about events, to companion guild acquaintance, known by the order's covenants, to be held in strictest confidence.

Rumors of military maneuvers, due to communication troubles, had everyone on the edges, of their alien comfort bubbles.

The companion knew his quest, to get news of the current state, of his backward origin colony, and his psychic mother's fate.

She suggested someone might, sense wyrms from near or far and then to identify on sight using a cosmic "dragon-dar".

In a visceral way he knew he felt dragons in mourning for their kind, their point of view, the worst is indifferent ignoring.

He resolved to urge those symbiotic, to go out and appeal to the others, to organize a magical journey, of these terrible sisters and brothers.

what he need now desperately, was a reliable dragon detector, a simple way to easily tell, a human was a dragon carrier.

He knew someone he could ask, but how to approach the suggestion? He was mentally up to the task, all he needed was the right question.



"Y'know how folks is saying, meanin' something is, like, good? or circumstances turned out, fair, at least as best it could?"

"It came from the motivation, of dragons for what sparkles, for them, it means much more, like food or even miracles"

She tried to better explain, how when it is pronounced, it resonates in a sibilant way so the dragon is announced.

She hears wyrm voices under, a distinction he found too tiny, In dragon carrier vocal timbre, when saying something's "shiny." The musician had little money, but one thing from his mother, that might just come in handy, in the finding of dragon's other.

On his poor colony were few, who had, by any measures, without being corrupt officials, any substantial treasures.

Still his mother gave him, one thing she had of worth, a rare and precious gem from ancient planet earth.

He showed it to her and she, spoke with dragon resonance. The dragon in her said clearly, "'tssshiny!" with a telltale sibilance. The musician and companion, collaborating procedurally their faces lit together with same thought simultaneously.

Who is most likely to see, every local dragon carrier? it occurred to both of them that they needed a jeweler.

Off to the shops they went, commercial deck specifically they found the shop of a smith, who looked at them suspiciously

On seeing the boy's diamond, the smithy's eyes went teary, the dragon within him sounding, a breathless audible "tssshiny."

The Jeweler was dependent on communications, too. needing current quotes, to value this or that jewel.

He'd found that out recently, in increasing his own hoard, for he required new baubles, or his dragon became bored.

He had been pondering how to dislodge the beast, who surrounded the planet, or to distract it at least.

He said, "I know a captain, with a trans-dimensional ship, He may provide the means, for a planetary rescue trip."

They sat 'round a table, eying each other warily. Each was dragon-able, symbiotes collectively.

Then the captain spoke, "Are you here asking me to, run a space fool's joke, with a motley crew like you?

The other reason have I, to ship to space with you, but to get the Alliance eye, off the details of what I do.

So you must prove to me, how musician, and craftsman, could at least as useful be, as this honorable companion."

While humans sat assessing, each other's motives and reasons, the dragons were possessing, the ultimate actual decisions.

As often happens among them, this was approached with mirth, they giggled and wiggled then, each had picked their berth.

The humans were barely aware, as they adjourned to deliberate, that their dragons barely care, about the planet they'd liberate.

For these wyrms it was a party, like a chessboard competition, entertaining themselves mightily, in simple human manipulation.



This collection of carriers, and their collective mission, depended almost entirely, on factors beyond their vision.

Once they made the journey, to planet telecommunication, They really had little idea, of the ultimate conclusion.

Their dragons then, however, had their own social concern, considerable consternation over, gaining this one member's return.

For in closed wyrm society, the worst state for the undying, is to lose touch with your family, forgetting, then disappearing.

These creatures are immortal and as such can only die when, losing all physical connection, sinking to a singular dimension.

For the dragon around the planet, separation process had begun. Sorrow caused its condition, this connection was the last one.

Before the Divider could reduce, to a situation un-retrievable, the larger family had to persuade, returning home was reasonable.

The hard task they had to do, to find compelling linchpin, It's no easy thing, it's true, to council a depressed dragon.

Intentions have balances and this station has one, often causing challenges and nothing can be done.

A single actor belligerent, doing everything they can, in refusing to be tolerant, goes from fire to frying pan.

This shit stain personality, a talent in attracting trouble, a recent legal technicality, has burst the safety bubble.

An escape was necessary, maybe even an imperative, when a dragon's emissary, offers an opportunity to live.

The musician in danger, letting loose tongue fly to a sinister stranger, without knowing why,

All crucial information, pouring from his mouth, time date confirmation directions north and south

Trouble for the station, about to take its leave, an unfortunate solution, on a dire journey's eve.

He could walk away, if he had better sense, but he was under sway of a dragon's influence.



Sneaking in to hide, through access it's told, looking to catch a ride, in space ship cargo hold.

It was common to steal, as a sociopathic, no conscience to feel, not at all sympathetic.

Settle and get comfortable, in a nest out of view, hope to be undiscoverable, until found by the crew.

The humans would do, what they could to go back, while the dragons will argue, if it was a tool or a snack. The Captain sputtered,
"We need to go back but",
dragon inside muttered,
"That option's door is shut."

The musician, apologetic, "I really should but out", inside insisted emphatic, "May be good in a shoot out

A concerned companion, "What will happen to it?" but in inner conversation "There may a way to use it"

The captive was just busted, the results are just a bore, not surprised they caught it, having been so often before.



The crew was complete, and finally on their way, on a voyage to beat, a planet gone astray.

The dragons in three, had a different mission, to solve the mystery, of a depressed decision.

Runner, the stowaway, was cluelessly planning, to find a leap off day, a chance for escaping.

Desire', Dan, and Harry, to calm down the Alliance, what they'll do once there, is to use dragon science.

In the middle of the night, when humans all slept, is when in dragon sight, symbiote meetings are kept.

There they spit and hiss, and talk in smoke and fire, some people might just miss, expressions of their ire.

The Runner, not so fortunate, rudely from sleep awoken, a threat over proportionate, hears alien warning spoken.

Fear rises like an infestation, and crushes a rebel spirit, as a dragon manifestation, scares the holy shit out of it. "Trouble" by any other name, would still be a concern, but a saboteur in the game, might make things take a turn.

"Believe us when we say, you had best be very good, or there will come a day, you would wish you could."

Warning delivered sternly, was to possibly forestall, any nefarious activity, from the Runner after all.

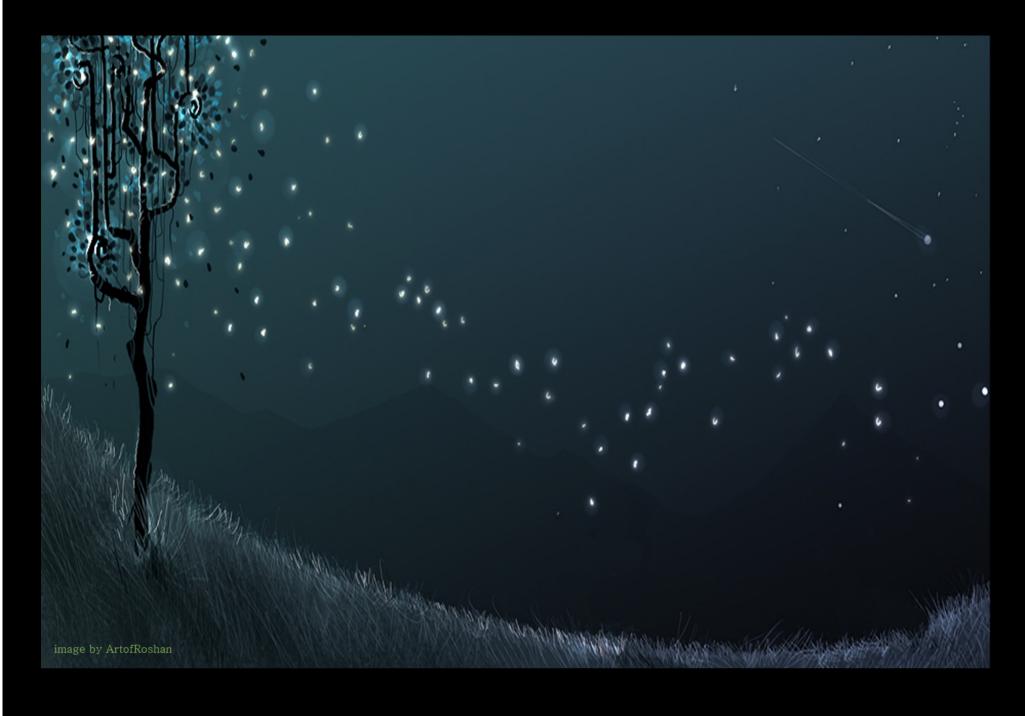
Something else had caused, trouble down another path, why the villain really paused, was from facing dragon wrath.

Even though an advanced ship, of inter-dimensional capability, this voyage is a long trip, they'd meet in social facility.

Captain turned to courtesan, "How came you, dear Desire?" "Guild dynamics get partisan, I am hence to gracefully retire.

It is a kind of personal exile, to try to let time take its own, and leave the scars to heal, or leave well enough alone."

What the captain didn't know, is her wyrm got her in trouble if she'd stayed there though, there'd be a dragon kerfuffle.



Dragons in their lovemaking, is a fairly bloody affair, with razor scales sending, flaming poison through the air.

So deadly is the spray, that is has actually killed more, humans that get in the way, are simply melted into gore.

So when the act is done, and there is death collaterally, wyrms eat what is cooked, lying around the periphery.

In the next morning light, human hosts aren't angry, they actually feel contrite, and aren't the least bit hungry. Runner came to breakfast, with a different attitude, crew mates of such menace, should be shown gratitude.

So there are new plans, that do not involve testing, any of the companions, on this space crossing.

The Runner's resolution, to make the best of this trip, to try to survive to conclusion, of the mission of the ship.

Fear has a distinctive scent, that dragons know well that was the dragon's intent they have a good sense of smell. The communications planet, this sector depends upon, becomes increasingly beset, by the despairing dragon.

Not found in string theory, is when a dragon disappears, a new black hole is likely, to affect all local spheres.

In this part of the universe, beyond human conventions the symbiotes around converse, across other dimensions.

There's a coming convergence, as the crisis becomes deadly, there's a likely emergence, of a wyrm grand assembly.

One woke from sensual dream one designed a cut for a gem, one hummed a musical theme, another built a powerful engine.

The Captain, and companion, Each conscious with a start, Jeweler and the musician knowing each other's heart,

Alarms went off for the engine, they collected in a common room, "From that, I must assume," said the Captain, "impending doom."

"it's not as serious as you feared." they turned each to the other, trans-dimensional symbol appeared, standing for the Dragon Queen Mother

When the glowing ball appeared, it totally transfixed the crew. they stood each in stunned silence, as anomalies around them grew.

Images of mythic creatures, or their alien counterpart, started replacing the features, of more common objects d'art.

When the ship's engine stopped, emergency power remained, a countdown timer clocked, and the numbers rapidly drained.

The Runner came upon the carriers, and without the option of nothing, talented at desperate measures, the Runner had to do something.

Runner peered at the crew, beatific smiles on faces, they were stuck like glue, locked in shock to their places.

Tapping shoulder of companion, then of the hapless musician, pushing the legs of the captain, all of them were found frozen.

A wave of something emanated, like a trans-dimensional energy, the orb's disturbance disseminated, fanning out to the general vicinity.

Faced with this imminent danger, Runner stood back a minute, and swearing at the ball in anger, ran full speed directly into it. Rifts and cracks formed in space, as if other realities were opening, like windows into another place, and only momentarily focusing.

Citizens of the Alliance experienced, the same as neutrals and rebels, aliens and humans witnessed. what looked like magic spells.

Widespread panic soon ensued, and everyone tried to explain, what could not be processed, by a three dimensional brain,

The planet that glowed in the distance, surrounded by the unseen dragon, blinked in and out of existence, soon it and its captor would be gone.

Runner blinked and was elsewhere, no longer on interstellar transport, but in a primordial jungle there, surrounded by glowing space warp.

A scene in front of it made it think, it was at a point in ancient history, when an animal stood on the brink, of discovering its ultimate humanity,

Through hole in reality it saw, that dragons were at the scene too, and it was from this first encounter, that the rest of civilization grew.

Seeing the truth of this birth, of this symbiotic relationship, on a distant prehistoric earth, convinced the Runner to join it.

Blinking again, Runner could share, the despairing dragon's loneliness, and resolved right then and there, to join the creature in dual-ness.

Through the Dragon Mother's lens, which was the orb's true nature, two souls could find mutual cleanse, and in that way, each other nurture.

This most grand and circular story, in time, dimensions, and regret, the magic and wonder in history, that so many of us often forget.

At the birth of bipedal intelligence, among the universe's wild whirl, we began self-aware existence, on Earth, the Dragon Mother's Pearl.

In Epilog, I should point out, crew succeeded in its mission, when Runner took lonely dragon, in as it's symbiote in fusion.

The assembled crew woke up, and each got what it sought, communication opened up, and so no war was fought.

The despairing dragon spared, the captain had new technology, with interaction unimpaired, the jeweler traded incessantly.

The companion heard from sisters, as diplomats informed each other, a colony ousted corrupt ministers, insuring safety of a musician's mother.







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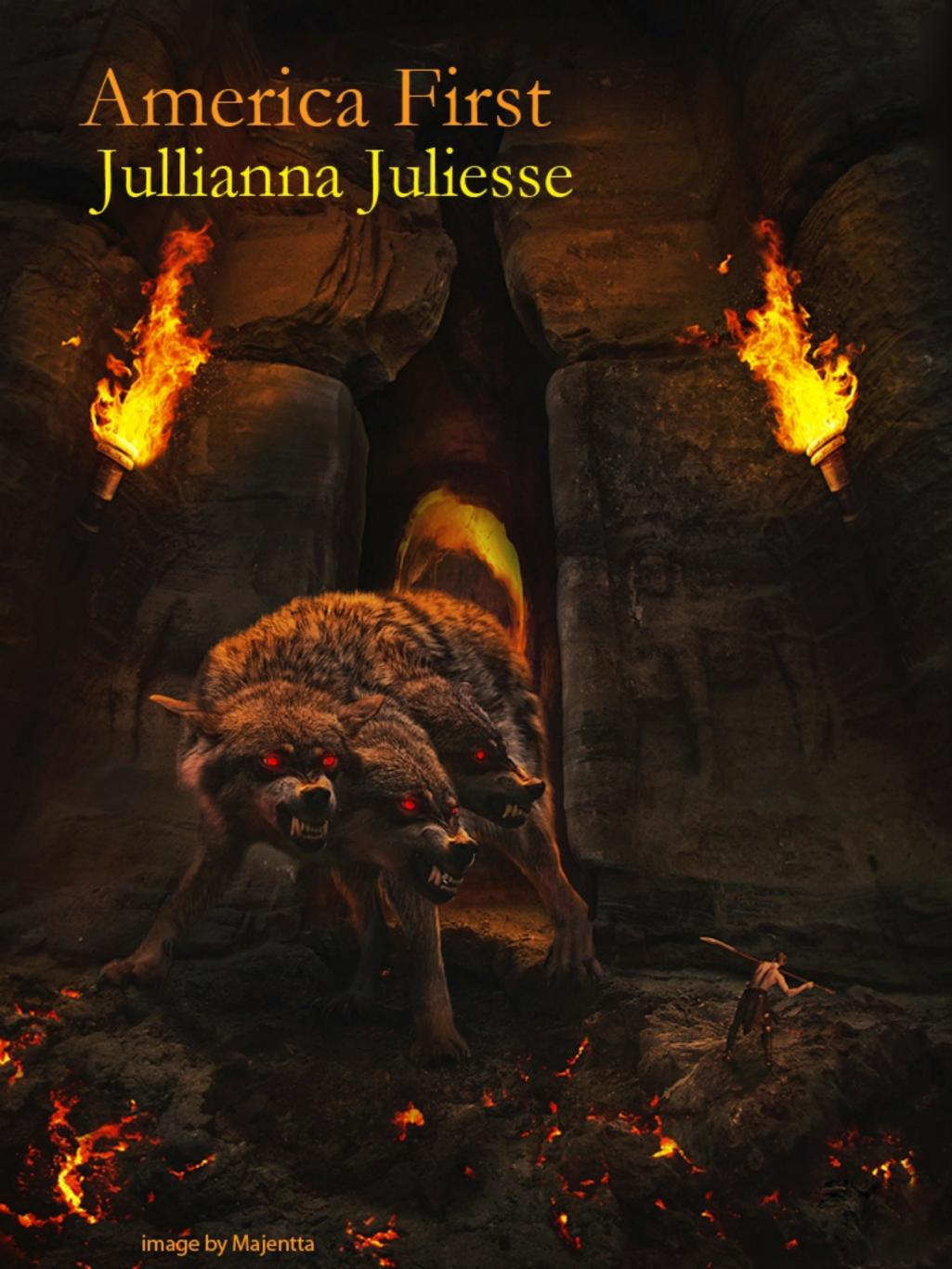
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## rez

The SL Arts and Life Magazine



Dismembered.

One stroke of the pen, One dollar at a time—

The arsonists are in charge of the fire station.

Destruction plumes, forcing fumes To an indifferent, hazy sky.

Books and art in the sulphur flames
Crackle and snap alongside
Food scraps for the aged and
Melting plastic eyes of children's puppets—
The radio hisses its last static,
Then silence.

The water leaches its lead,
Flowing down the strip mine scars.
A fiery freight car carries the victims of violence
To the pyre on the River of the Dead.

Red-eyed Cerberus guards the gate—Growling by his cache of arms,
Spewing his own peculiar brand of hate.

In this deconstruction of the administrative state, We're all going to be deconstructed, destructed—Tossed into the mass grave of alternative facts.

What did you expect?

## 6. Waiting



Footfalls Echo



## by Drover Mahogany

"For a long time, she held a special place in my heart. I kept this special place just for her, like a "Reserved" sign on a quiet corner table in a restaurant. Despite the fact that I was sure I'd never see her again."

— Haruki Murakami, South of the Border, West of the Sun

y mountain walking reaps many benefits for me. Yet none comes **V** quickly. I must wait patiently upon the daily repetitions, week upon week, month upon month, to harness those benefits. And so easily do they slip through my hands if, lacking persistence, I desist from walking. During the years since I began serious walking, I suffer the fate many do. Stopping for periods, sometimes brief, sometimes longer, I rue deeply the renewed effort simply to recover what has been lost. No easy task it is to hold on to that determination to start all over again, when the daily pain of those early walks must be borne afresh on each resumption like flagellations of the soul for seemingly inexplicable stupidity. Bear it I do, though, plodding along like a mute beast of burden, waiting it out, aching for the surcease from constant effort but averting my gaze from that desire, just one step after another, endless steps, so endless.

Five years along my physical and metaphorical tracks, my interior

monologue switches to a different form of waiting it out. During that first year of walking, I grew to love someone deeply. It was not a physically consummated love (in that peculiar SL sense) but nor was it an unrequited love (that combination being itself a strangely educational pleasure — for a guy anyway — to bear on SL). You will catch the sense of it in the following pair of poems written then within the same half year. Sure, the second was a deliberate exploration of the sonnet form, but four years later some deeper truth still speaks to me.

I wait for you not in passion alone though hearts may race blood singing ancient songs yet do I wait

what value offers passion when shorn of mind and soul? may call of blood to blood assuage even bonds of intimacy forge still will I wait

natural customs no writ provide here passions of our souls demand: shall you share the fever of our minds? help slake our thirst for deeper union? this only I await

drover mahogany

waiting for you (21 nov 2012)

between us such rapport intent to gauge compliant we consent to long refrain insistent strong desire otherwise assuage to learn in play discern, transfigure pain do you imagine I would sever you surprised our words too few together cease? my mind's connection casual, quick eschew? no, no I know you now with no release your absence warms my heart in vivid sense my mind vibrates beyond repeating spins our thoughts embody, flare in time's suspense how guess our souls engaging, quantum twins in orbit random cause, decreed by fate, no acts if done, not done, now separate

drover mahogany

orbiting you: sonnet 1 (25 april 2013)

So have I waited out the too-often repeated pain of walking resumed and of wanting renewed. Enduring pain this way both anneals and heals, just as cauterization first saves then ultimately reclaims the body with severed limb. On waiting through the pain — whether physical or metaphysical — I find myself, even though it looks to be the same place, located in an entirely different place from my beginning. She holds still a special but now a different space in my heart. Yet her place at my table was always reserved.

## flowers zymony guyot



Do not let your flowers go
Do not let your flowers grow
They sprout from what you thought you knew
To I Don't Know
...and then you never will

Do not let your flowers doubt Do not let your flowers out They blossom in a troubled land Completely fail to understand The solace of the sun and sea And grass and green and sand

Do not let your flowers cry
And never let them wonder why
They starve their hope and watch it die
And feel the chill and lose their will
And look for doors in seas of pills
And shun the warmth of windowsills
The you had wished them Home

Do not let your flowers need
Do not let their soulstrings feed
You'll cut in ways that never bleed
And every heartache you'll concede
And never, ever are you freed
From pain that only love as this could know
Was, is, and always so

Do not let your flowers go



Gnawing at the belly the beast screams from the center Screaming in the dark, ravenous

Pacing in the blackness, driven by the need, writhing to be fed, pouncing in my gut

No tame friend to come politely This one demands me This one controls me

An old enemy comes to call Without a name Knowing mine

Sobs swell from the pits No one hears My beast is silent

Kind words discarded Kind touches Gentle caring

Fed by raw sensation It craves loss Ego is the victim

Oblivion in touch quiets the hunger For a little, for a while.

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